



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

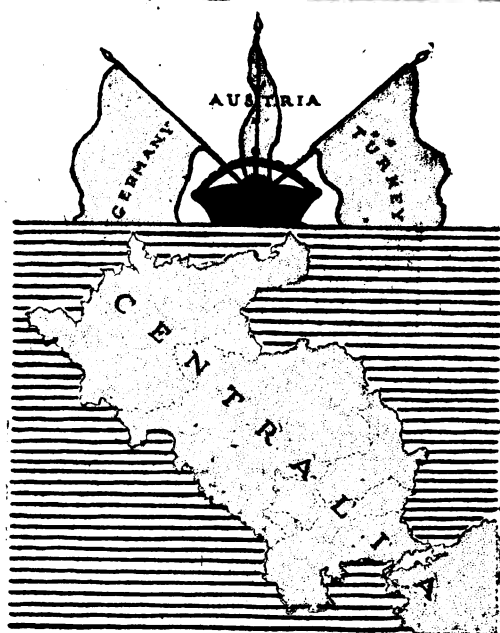
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

CHARLES

Digitized by Google

783266

THE NEW MORN



BY PAUL CARUS

Bind

Carus

Digitized by Google 783266

THE NEW MORN

THE NEW MORN

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY AND THE TRIPLE
ENTENTE

A PHANTASMAGORIA IN ONE ACT

BY

BARRIE AMERICANUS NEUTRALIS

[PAUL CARUS]

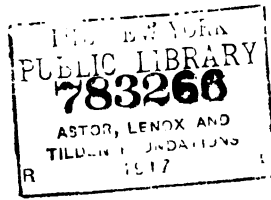
NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

"THE MORN IS WISER THAN THE EVE."

—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

CHICAGO
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

1916



COPYRIGHT BY
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY
1916

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Sir James Matthew Barrie, the famous author of *Peter Pan*, has written a short dramatic poem in one act entitled "*Der Tag*" or *The Tragic Man* in which he characterizes the Kaiser as a lover of peace, but weak and under the influence of the Prussian Camarilla as represented in his minister. The emperor, urged on to war at last, signs the fatal document and "*Der Tag*" breaks when war becomes unavoidable. However poetic Barrie's little play may be, it is utterly false in its premises; it misrepresents the Kaiser and his policy, and is obviously written to exonerate Great Britain from responsibility for the war. The formation of the Triple Entente was but a preparatory step for a war on Germany which it was hoped could be finished quickly by a crushing blow dealt suddenly by the French and Russians without involving England in the evils of a war. We submit herewith a poem describing the situation as it appears to the eyes of an impartial bystander and which the author hopes reflects the truth more accurately than Sir James Barrie's appealing sketch.

England was beaten by Germany before the war in peaceful enterprise, and her only hope to remain in the lead was through ruining her rival in an unequal war. Everything was cleverly devised, and yet Germany is not squashed. Germany has been united in a brotherly alliance with Austria-Hungary, and Turkey has joined the two as a most valuable addition to the territory of the central powers. A new morn is dawning in history, in which on the ground of the most ancient civilizations, a new coalition is formed—a coalition that is military in defense and economical in peaceful trade and industry.

This new empire may fitly be called CENTRALIA, on account of its central position in the old world, from which it may establish connections with the interior of Africa, with India and possibly through Tibet with China. England wanted to crush Germany, but instead it is creating Centralia, and the English blockade, not unlike a prohibitive tariff, is most contributory to its consolidation.

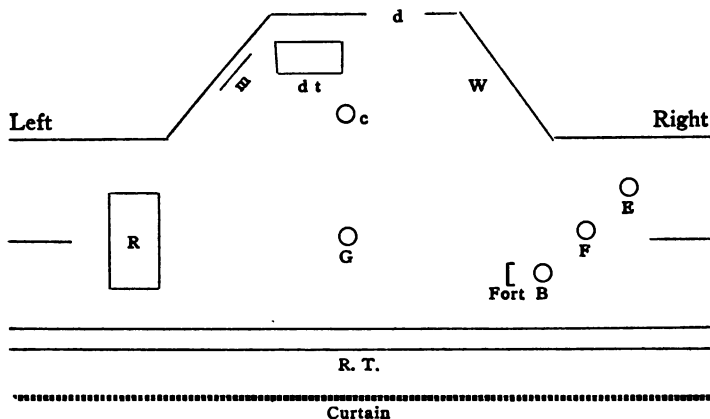
CHARACTERS

KING EDWARD VII
BRITISH PREMIER
JOHN, the King's valet
THE WITCH OF TIME
PAGES

In Vision:

KAISER WILHELM II
CZAR OF RUSSIA
PRESIDENT OF FRANCE
RUSSIAN GENERAL
KING GEORGE V
HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP
BISMARCK
FIELDMARSHAL VON HINDENBURG
AN AMERICAN
RAILROAD GUARD
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, ETC.

DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE.



King Edward VII's dressing room forms the background of the stage. On the left side there is the dressing table (*dt*), a large mirror (*m*) and an armchair (*c*), the seat of the king. On the right side of the background is a door (*d*) and the place where the witch appears (*W*). In the foreground the Germans take their stand in the center (*G*); the Russians (*R*) on the left side of the stage, the Belgians (*B*), the English (*E*) and the French (*F*) on the right. The track (*RT*), where first the American automobile and then the German locomotive run, lies in the front portion of the stage.

THE NEW MORN.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY AND THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

The King's dressing room in the palace. A dressing table with a large mirror on one side. JOHN, the King's valet, places the several toilet utensils, brushes, powder-box, rouge, nail-clip and file in order on the dressing table, first using all the articles on himself.

JOHN. When next these things are used it will be on a crowned king, but of course I have used them first on myself. I am very close to His Majesty, —I had almost said “His Royal Highness.” So far my master has been Prince of Wales, but now he is King of England, and I must become accustomed to saying “Your Majesty.” Of course I have risen with him. Henceforth I am “Valet to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.” It is time he was back from the coronation. I wonder how he feels. He looks funny enough. What would the old Anglo-Saxon kings have said of their latest successor, this stumpy follower of the fair sex! I do not blame him for his follies for he is king and can do as he pleases. I only find fault with his bad taste. However, that is his business. It is he that has to take all the consequences. After all, as the

proverb says, no man is a hero to his valet, and I suppose that is true. At least it is true of him. Here he comes now.

(JOHN bows deeply. Enter the KING with scepter and crown, dressed in royal ermine and purple, his train carried by pages. The pages kneel, then leave the room.)

KING. At last! At last! I have been waiting long
For this momentous day which sees me crowned.
John, come and take the scepter.

(JOHN approaches.)

Tarry a little
And leave these emblems but a moment longer
Within my grasp. They mean so very much.
Now leave me with my royal thoughts alone,
And when I ring, come back and help disrobe
me.

(JOHN bows and withdraws. The KING poses before the mirror.)

KING. There, at last! Behold, King Edward the Seventh! I am delighted to see myself in this garb. I am the seventh of my name. Seven is a holy number, a significant number. The Archbishop said it is a sacred number and all-comprehensive. It is three plus four. "Three" means God and "four" the world. So "seven" means all, God and the world. It means completeness. There are seven wonders of the world; there are the seven colors of the rainbow; there are seven stars in the Pleiades constellation; there are the seven wise men; there are the seven ages of man; there are seven days in the week and the seventh day is blessed among

them:—and finally there are seven Edwards!
Yes, seven kings of England of that name; and
I am the seventh.

I am King of England. That means I am the
ruler of Great Britain, and as ruler of Great
Britain I rule the world. Britannia indeed
rules the waves; the British empire extends
over every sea and into every clime. It is God's
gift to Old England, and that is why this scepter
and this golden crown upon my head mean so
much. They mean dominion over all the world.
For every country that is reached by ships
Pays tribute to the mistress of the seas,
And we lay down the law to other nations.
Could I but peer into the distant future!
I fain would see the destiny of England,
Her dangers and her triumphs—triumphs yea!
For I am sure we are the chosen people
Whom God has blessed above the other nations
To rule the world and bear the white man's
burden.

Dark powers of things to come, reveal to me,—
The King of England,—England's destiny!

*(The WITCH of Time, a tall old woman, rises from the ground.
She is veiled in gray.)*

KING. Mysterious woman, let me see thy face!

(WITCH unveils her face.)

WITCH. Thou callest me, King Edward, and I come
Out of the depth of that unfathomed night
Which shrouds the distant time. Hear thou my
words,

That thou, the seventh of thy name, completest
The day of England's greatness. Evening falls,
The sun is setting on a glorious reign.
The Anglo-Saxons' queens are great, but not
Their kings, and the Victorian age is past.
Thou wouldst begin a new, more manly era,
But if thou imitatest not Prince Hal
'T will be no better, it will surely lead
Old England down—down to her sure destruction.

KING. Who art thou, dastardly old toothless woman,
Hag of the night, curse of a wayward fate?

WITCH. My name—that matters not. But heed thou
well

The warning which I come to bring to thee.
God, the Omnipotent, long suffering,
The God of history, has truly blessed
The land whose guidance with this scepter is
Entrusted now to thee. But do thy statesmen
Use wisely and with justice their great power?
Does England merit the supremacy
Which has been hers? God's patience long endures,

But finally He calls all to account.

Art thou the man to rectify past wrongs
And lead Old England on to higher things?

KING. What qualities are needed for the task?

WITCH. One, merely one alone, and it is manhood.

KING. My predecessor was a woman.

WITCH.

Yea!

KING. I am a man!

WITCH. Not every man has manhood.

KING. What is thy meaning, hag? Speak plainly.

WITCH. Well

I mean by manhood simple honesty.

KING. If that be all, I do not fear the task
Of being King and governing the world.
I think that simple honesty is good,
Yea, very good if it be used as mask
To hide the cunning of our statecraft's art.
What England needeth is diplomacy.
The Hindus did not lack in honesty,
But honesty is good for simpletons
Who would be duped. The Irish patriots
Possess enough of simple honesty,
But never have they independence gained.
The Chinese in their simple honesty
Thought to debar our opium from their ports.
The Boer insisted on his right to block
The British progress; but his honesty
Assuredly was of no use to him.
Oh no, my good old witch, you are mistaken;
On honesty Old England cannot prosper;
Pure honesty is but for lowly folks.
We need much more—we need diplomacy.

WITCH. It takes a hero to be truly honest.

KING. I am no hero, but a mortal man
With human, all too human, faults. But then
I'm keen of wit and can accomplish much

By mere persuasion and by shrewd designs.
I want to be prepared for my great task
And wish to see what dangers are in store.

WITCH. Great Britain has no friends; she stands alone.

Protected by the sea in isolation,
She is surrounded by great enemies.
See here the French, for centuries your foes.

(In the background, on the right side, an arch appears, like the Arch of Triumph in Paris, with the tricolor flying above it. Underneath, in dress suit, covered with a red, white and blue scarf, the PRESIDENT of France, surrounded by French officers in uniform. The PRESIDENT speaks to his generals.)

PRESIDENT. We hate John Bull. He is our meanest foe.

The Germans have been bad enough; they took
Alsace-Lorraine when we, all unprepared,
Still bore the yoke of the third Bonaparte;
But they at least beat us in open battle,
While England robbed us by diplomacy.
Messieurs, remember Suez and Fashoda.
Lesseps, a Frenchman, a French genius,
Built that canal with our own capital,
And now 'tis England's. 'Twas our caravan
That first crossed Africa to far Fashoda;
'Tis England now reaps all the benefit.
Therefore beware! A snake lurks in the grass
Where'er a British diplomat has stepped.
The Germans fight in fair and open battle;
The English rob us by diplomacy.

(The picture fades away.)

WITCH. You have worse enemies and more than France.

Look at the Slav in his barbaric might!
All over Asia see his agents swarm.
He spins intrigues which will be difficult
For you to rend. Behold another danger—

(On the left the background opens and shows a typical Russian church entrance with a RUSSIAN GENERAL in fur coat and cap, with a knout in hand. At his right the CZAR dressed in his imperial state; behind both, Russian soldiers and Cossacks.)

GENERAL. The present age belongs to western Europe,

To England and to Germany and France;
but soon a new and brighter morn shall break;
Soon shall we reach in our triumphant march
That ancient city of the Bosphorus,
And thence to Suez, gateway to the East;
Then Persia, helpless, and Afghanistan
Will fall before us; and at last our arms
Shall be supreme where now the Briton rules—
In India, the treasury of the East.
Let England rule the waves, we'll rule the land,
And England will be helpless 'gainst our armies,
Uncounted and invincible. Yea, sire,
Be confident. Our victory is sure.
Ere long all Asia shall be 'neath our sway,
And then in our victorious march we'll turn
Upon our western foe, the mighty Teuton.
France clamors for revenge; she'll be our friend.
Then shall the Teuton, too, bow low his knee,

And all the world be ours; in every land
Our faith shall spread, and holy Russia will
Fulfil her destiny decreed by God.

(The Russian group disappears.)

KING. All these our enemies? Have we no friends?

WITCH. England has nowhere friends unless the
Germans.

They are your kin. But in these later days
Distrust has grown among them, for they fear
The ill designs of your diplomacy.
Germania grows apace; her sons aspire
To noble things, and greatness they achieve,
And honor and renown among all nations.
Behold the guardian spirit of her people!

*(Near the center of the stage BISMARCK appears with the
young KAISER WILLIAM II.)*

KAISER. O venerable trusty counselor
Of my grandfather, let me learn from you
How I can strengthen Germany's position
That ne'er again she shall experience
The agonies of conquest as of yore;
For I would foster in our Fatherland
The sciences and arts and industries.
I shall be proud if our posterity
Will call me once the emperor of peace.

BISMARCK. Remember, *Si vis pacem para bellum*.
We are surrounded, sire, by enemies,
And by no other means is peace preserved
Than by a constant readiness for war.

The French are in alliance with the Russians
And we must learn to fight the two at once.
Since your grandfather beat the French, they've
grown
In affluence and military power;
And Russia is a giant, great and mighty,
Yet, happily, but barbarous and crude,
And lacking wisdom and experience.

KAISER. War is a curse and ever fraught with
danger.

As long as possible I will preserve
The benefits of peace, that so my people
May prosper in all good and useful arts,
In science and in peaceful enterprise.
And should the day of trial come, God grant
That I be ready first to draw the sword.
I will be worthy of my ancestors.
I'll either wield my sword in victory
Or I will die in open field with honor.
We Germans fear but God, and nothing else.

(The group near the center disappears.)

KING. Not even Germany is our good friend.
She seems more dangerous than all the rest.
In Germany there slumbers native strength,
And if her growth continues as of late
She will be England's most undaunted rival.
The others are not rivals, they are foes.
Foes may be changed by good diplomacy
So as to be of service, not so rivals;
Therefore I fear but Germany alone.

'Tis true she helped us in our recent trouble;
But then she simply did oppose the French
Lest they perchance became too strong. 'Tis
true

The Russians tried to take the Dardanelles
That they from thence might threaten the canal,
And that design, too, Bismarck did defeat.
He favored us, but solely for the reason
That Russia must not be allowed to grow.
But now I have a plan; and not in vain
These phantom visions have appeared to me.
Great Britain shall be ever, as to-day,
Supreme and mistress of the seven seas.
Old witch, I bid thee gratefully farewell.

WITCH. I warn thee once again to act the man.
The fate of England hangs on thy decision.

(She disappears. The KING rings the bell. JOHN enters.)

KING. Come, John, take these insignia.

(He hands JOHN the scepter.)

Here, take off the crown; it presses rather hard;
and even the robe is unwieldy; it makes me per-
spire. Go now and bid the Premier come to me.

JOHN. Your Majesty, his Excellency is waiting at
the door.

KING. Let him enter at once.

(Exit JOHN.)

I hope the new Premier is to my heart.

I know at least that he is like a fox,
Cunning and smart and full of clever tricks.

(JOHN shows in the PREMIER, bows and withdraws.)

PREMIER. I thought you might wish to see me, your Majesty; therefore I came uncalled.

KING. Well considered and well done. I want to know what you think of the European situation.

PREMIER. The European situation is not bad. Still I venture to say that your noble mother has been overkind to Germany, very gracious and forbearing. She was so loving in her parental affection. The Kaiser is her grandson, and a grandmother is naturally fond of her grandchildren.

KING. Yes, yes, I know, and she was proud of the young man, but though he is my nephew I must confess he does not act with becoming modesty. His utterances on more than one occasion have been provocative and threatening. He prates overmuch of the mailed fist.

PREMIER. Yes, and he persists in increasing his navy.

KING. His navy?

PREMIER. Indeed, Your Majesty. He has almost one-third as many ships now as England. His aggressiveness may become intolerable. I fear that I can say nothing better than the ancient dictum in a modern version: *Caeterum censeo Germaniam esse delendam.*

KING. Yes. Germany must be crushed.

PREMIER. We have been too long-suffering in allowing the Germans to have a strong army, but we cannot permit them to build a navy, and since they begin to invade the sea, we must act. The sea is ours and we must check the first attempt they make to take possession of the world's waterways. We must stop them before it be too late.

KING. There is another danger. The same warning applies to the great republic of the west.

PREMIER. Indeed America worries me too, but later troubles lesser worries, and over there we have more friends than Your Majesty imagines. If it comes to the worst, Japan is our ally and Canada extends over the whole breadth of the continent. We need not worry about America. Our immediate and great danger is Germany. Germany is beating us in times of peace by industrial progress. Consider the unparalleled increase of her trade, her commerce, her prosperity! And her navy grows from year to year. We need strong alliances so that our confederates will fight our battles, as has been our custom in former wars. We must unite Russia and France. Germany may overcome one of them single-handed, but not both; and even then we should help by blockading the German coasts and by protecting Russian transports to land an invading army in Pomerania. But we must start the

war soon. Peace is ruinous to England; it spells defeat to us by the slow but steady advance of German industry.

KING. What can be done?

PREMIER. My plan is ready, sire.

KING. Speak out.

PREMIER. France and Russia will unite under all circumstances to crush Germany, and are but waiting for an opportunity. Germany is as in a vise between the two; and if we join them to ruin German trade and cut the Germans off from the rest of the world, resistance will be brief. France and Russia will be greatly encouraged to venture into a war against Germany if we give them the promise of our support and form a Triple Entente against her. There is no risk. And, Your Majesty, if Germany were extinguished to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer the day after. Neither France nor Russia is dangerous to us, for both are incapable of developing a strong navy. We have only one thing to fear and that is the growth of Germany, and we must act before it is too late.

KING. *Germania est delenda!*

(He stands in thought.)

But our trade with Germany is not unimportant. Should we not suffer too in case of war?

PREMIER. We may suffer, but only temporarily. We are the richest of all nations in the world, and wars are decided by money.

KING. Indeed! And wars are expensive; even the victor may have his credit ruined. But, consider, the credit of Russia is quite shaky and Germany is well financed.

PREMIER. Yes, Germany is well financed but the Germans are poor devils after all. Their prosperity is of yesterday, and will soon be spent. The question is not who can pay cash when the war begins, but who has the last million to invest. Of course it will fall on us to furnish the sinews of war, and we can do it. We have a billion pounds annually from India, and when our resources are exhausted we can draw on America.

KING. (*Chuckles*) America! That reminds me of our dear cousins! ha, ha, ha!

PREMIER. We need not worry. Our allies on the continent, France and Russia, have both made considerable progress in their military institutions, while Germany has been stationary. The Germans have lost in skill and efficiency of armament. In the Balkan war the Turks were supported by the Germans while the rebels, the Serbs with the other Christians, were guided by the French,—and the Turks were miserably beaten. That indicates the French are now superior. The old German generals of 1870

are dead, and the new ones who have taken their places are prigs. The whole German army is a bluff. The Russians have gained experience in the Japanese war; they have introduced marvelous reforms and can alone overcome the Germans. They outnumber the Germans easily by two, or even three, to one. The results can be foreseen. The war will be over as soon as the Russians and the French meet in Berlin.

(*The KING nods.*)

KING. The prospect pleases me, but are we quite sure of all the facts on which our hope is based?

PREMIER. Indeed we are.

KING. The prospect is promising. That would ruin our rival and establish British supremacy.

PREMIER. There is one point of importance: we must support the allies with our navy, otherwise they will not venture into the war. We may be confident that the allies will accomplish the bulk of the task without us, for the Russians can raise nine million troops and the French five or six. Fifteen million men will be too much even for Germany, and we can count also on a rebellion of the Social Democrats in that country. They are a strong and well organized party, almost one-third of the whole people; they hate the Kaiser and will do anything to have him deposed or exiled or slain. Be assured, Germany cannot stand a war. But we must lend France and

Russia our moral support. Possibly they may demand our army too.

KING. Could we send one hundred and fifty thousand men?

PREMIER. No doubt we should have to, and possibly more. But of course we will keep our men in the background. Our colonials are ready to join us.

KING. Yes! Let them go to the front.

PREMIER. The Canadians, the Australians, the Hindus, the Africans—it will make a fine show.

(The KING rubs his hands, he rises and walks up and down.)

KING. Fine! Fine!

PREMIER. The time is not yet ripe, but we must prepare and make ready for war. The Triple Entente alone will be sufficient to insure victory, but we shall have, besides, the help of all the smaller powers. Belgium is sure to join us, and we may hope to gain the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians too; if they remain neutral they shall suffer for their anti-British attitude after the war. Italy and Austria are now allied with Germany, but we can induce at least the government at Rome to stand by us, for we could ruin the long and exposed coast of their peninsula. Our navy would bombard their cities from Genoa and Venice down to Messina with absolute impunity. They are at our mercy, so

they would at least remain neutral; and hence Germany will stand alone with Austria; and then, I know the Italians! (*making a show of paying out money*) that greases the wheels!

KING. Yes, that is true. But let us not be overconfident. It is not likely that Holland and the northern countries will join us; they would remain neutral. However, we have created Belgium; she owes us her existence, therefore she is our friend.

PREMIER. Yes, Belgium will open her formidable fortresses to us and allow us free passage for an attack on Charlemagne's ancient capital, Aix-la-Chapelle. Krupp's works are near there and could be taken.

KING. That is excellent, and England will thus be able to dispose of her most dangerous rival. I myself may not see the final triumph, but the time is surely coming and my son will inherit the fruitage of my work, the results of my diplomacy. We will run no risk.

PREMIER. We must put an end to Germany's naval power; we must blockade her ports. Then we will capture her trade, and check her growing wealth and commerce. The French and the Russians will break her military power, her Prussianism and her ambition.

KING. Is there no way to avoid a war?

PREMIER. None, Your Majesty! Germany has begun to rival us in manufactures, and she threatens to surpass us in commerce. Then our supremacy will be lost. This must not be! We face a crisis. The question is whether we or Germany are to survive.

KING. Could not the two nations peacefully develop side by side? Perhaps you exaggerate.

PREMIER. How can I exaggerate? Here are facts.

(Takes a paper out of his breast pocket.)

See here! Statistics do not lie. The population of Germany has multiplied rapidly within sixteen years; it has risen from forty-eight millions to sixty-seven millions, which means an annual increase of over eleven per thousand in birthrate. It is exceeded only by Russia which shows an annual increase of seventeen per thousand.

But, here, see the industrial statistics.

The production of pig iron estimated in thousands of tons has risen from 4024 to 17,853, that is to say (*with emphasis*) by 343.6 percent! while its production in Great Britain in the same time increased by 17.6 percent. Here are the figures. Our iron trade rose from 7681 to 9031 thousands. That means stagnation!

KING (*amazed*). What has become of England!

PREMIER. Yes, Your Majesty, the situation is serious. We are being overtaken. Look here. The

production of pig iron in America rose in the same time from 6.520 to 30.203 which means by 363.2 percent. But America is a new country with rich resources and unlimited areas of new territory.

KING. These data tell a frightful story.

PREMIER. Yes, England is being hopelessly outstripped by Germany. The same results appear all over. See here the statistics of the steel industry. Germany has advanced from the third place to the second, and England is left far behind.

Further, see here! The net tonnage of the German mercantile fleet has almost trebled within fifteen years.

Wherever you look, Germany pushes ahead with unprecedented vigor and we are losing ground. The national wealth of the people has increased since William II's ascent to the throne by 5000 million pounds, and the national income amounts to-day to 2150 million pounds annually against 1200 million pounds in 1895!

KING. Indeed, the figures prove your statements true.

PREMIER. But the facts are worse, for Germans intrude into the commerce of the world and crowd out all other nationalities. The Paris exchange is full of Germans, and a great portion of French business is in German hands.

KING. We ought to instigate the French government to use drastic means against foreign intrusion.

PREMIER. The French will tell us that our case is worse: a great section of the trade and industry of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and other cities is in German control and Germans occupy leading positions in our big business enterprises. It is an obvious case of dispossession of Englishmen in their own country. We are being annexed in times of peace, insidiously, quietly and without being able to make the slightest resistance.

KING. If the Germans are the fittest to fill commercial positions, let us send some of our young men to Germany to acquire German business methods and adapt them to the exigencies of our needs.

PREMIER. Yes, Your Majesty, even that has been tried and English youths have returned from Germany as Germans—real German patriots, full of love for the fatherland. I know an English scholar who lived in France and then in Germany and Austria. No better German could be found, he believes in the superiority of German *Kultur* as if he were born in Germany. No, Your Majesty, your proposition has been tried. The German spirit itself is the danger.

KING. What shall we do? How shall we protect ourselves against Germany?

PREMIER. We must cripple her pretensions and dampen her inordinate ambition. That can successfully be done by war only. We have tried peaceful methods in vain. Think of our proposition to limit the building of warships. The Kaiser would not accept our offer. He continues to increase the German navy.

KING. I felt the seriousness of the German danger; but it is worse even than I thought.

PREMIER. War will save us, and war alone. All peaceful means are exhausted. But our chances in war against Germany are good. We must engage her enemies, both Slav and Gaul, and between her foes to east and west her doom is sure.

KING. That settles it!

PREMIER. Bravo! you are truly a king!

KING. I'll have my ministers approach both France and Russia and arrange an *entente* against our common enemy. But then, would you have the fatherland of our old Saxons divided between the Russians and the Celts?

PREMIER. In statecraft we need waste no sentimentality.

KING. Maybe you are right.

PREMIER. I'll give to Celt and Slav his share, but Germany, though in a crippled shape, we leave for future conflicts with Russia.

KING. Yea, sir. I know a better way. Germany shall have her freedom. Old England stands for liberty. German culture reached its best and highest development at the time of her deepest political humiliation, but it is being ruined by militarism. When we expel her tyrants we shall restore the glorious days when she was famous as the country of poets and thinkers. Schiller and Beethoven were greater than Bismarck and Moltke. We shall liberate the Germans from the Hohenzollerns. We shall restore the older, nobler and better Germany.

(The KING rises.)

Our task shall be to liberate the Saxons
And the Bavarians from the Prussian yoke.
Yea, all the smaller states and Hanover
Must be restored to former independence.

PREMIER. Your Majesty is the greatest diplomat the world has known. You will mend the mistakes that your royal mother, otherwise so noble, has committed. But remember we must act before it is too late. The Germans are warlike. They will gladly hail a war. Their officers in the army drink to the day when the struggle will begin; they clink their glasses and shout *Der Tag!*

KING (*astonished*). What! To the day, the Germans clink their glasses?
The day of war, of bloody, fierce decision?
The peaceful Germans?

PREMIER. Yea, the peaceful Germans,
They think it is their right to build a navy
And they do feel that we will check their growth.
The peaceful Germans are most warlike people
As soon as they believe they suffer wrong.

KING. Oh, you are right. I fear the German danger,
But think the day of war might be a night,
A setting of the sun for either nation.

PREMIER. Your Majesty! a night for Germany,
Conquest for us! unfailing victory.

KING. May be 't will be for both of us a night.
Well, let us hope the best,—the best for England.

(PREMIER bows low and withdraws.)

KING (*musings*). It is an old tradition of Great
Britain

To keep the nations on the continent
In equal balance. But should one be stronger
Than all the others, we must break her strength;
Therefore we will ally with France and Russia.
The strongest one is Germany. 'Gainst her
We must proceed. Our prospects promise much.
I'll have my ministers make haste straightway,
Confer with France and Russia as to terms
And have the papers drawn up with dispatch.
Would that the powers of destiny vouchsafed
The secret which the future darkly bears.
How will it be with England when I'm gone?
I fain would know the fruitage of my plans.

(Background darkens and WITCH reappears.)

WITCH. King Edward, listen to my warning voice.
War will not help you. War in fact will hurt
Your own prosperity and power as much
As of your enemies. Old England thrives
In peace. Indeed her wars in recent times
Have worked her ill, and would you add one
more,
A greater ill, to swell those of the past?
I see naught but bad omens in your plans,
Your sly designs and your diplomacy.
If you would keep Great Britain in the lead,
Let England's sons her battles fight with honor
In open field; do not rely on others
Nor win by gold or base diplomacy.

KING. 'Tis time to act before it be too late,
And we must use the greatest circumspection.

WITCH. You fear that England falls behind and that
The Germans grow in industry and power.
This may be true. I recognize the danger.
And here is the advice I have to give:
Follow the German method! Introduce
Reform all round, in school, in church, in state.
Have Englishmen progress and let them learn
The cause of Germany's advance. Thus only
Will England keep her old supremacy.

KING. First must we overcome the German danger,
Then we will use reform! We shall ally
The world against the Kaiser. Let me see
The German Emperor.—Lo! there he rises.

*(The German KAISER rises in the middle of the stage, first
alone in his uniform of the guards.)*

I grant that he is strong. He is courageous.
But how he'll wince with all his foes against
him!

*(The WITCH lifts her wand. On the left rise the Russians
and on the right the French, with some English and Belgian
troops. Among the English is KING GEORGE V on horseback.
The Belgians are behind the walls of a fort.)*

KAISER (*addressing King George V*).

O cousin, what a dreadful game is this!
Surrounded as I am by mighty foes,
It grieves me sore to see you on their side.
What are the terms of your neutrality?

KING EDWARD (*to King George*).

The Kaiser is afraid. Stand firm. Don't waver.

KING GEORGE (*replying to the Kaiser*).

I am in honor bound to draw the sword
And stand by my allies.

KING EDWARD (*to King George*).

Well done, my son!

(To the WITCH.)

Our friends are strong and we prefer a war!

WITCH. If thou preferest war, let war prevail.

*(At this declaration all draw their swords against the Kaiser.
The latter raises his sword and rises higher surrounded by
German soldiers and cannon coming out of the ground.)*

KAISER. We Germans fear but God and nothing else!

*(At this point the first shots flash from the German cannon
with loud report and the Belgian fortifications fall. The Ger-
man soldiers advance to the sound of German war music*

toward the French and Russians, who fall back, and the background of the stage is mainly covered with advancing Germans. The horse of KING GEORGE rears high and the King falls to the ground. At the sight of this, KING EDWARD sinks back in his chair. KING GEORGE's aide-de-camp watches the event with expressions of horror.)

KING EDWARD. What ill omen!

WITCH. The war has started, take the consequences.

(Night covers the scene and German national songs are heard. When light returns the WITCH and KING EDWARD with the entire background of the royal dressing room have disappeared. The scene is now covered with the three groups of soldiers: the Germans with the KAISER in the center, the Russians on one side and the English, French and Belgians on the other.)

THE KAISER (*shading his eyes and peering into the distance*). What's coming there? Lend me your field-glass, Hindenburg.

HINDENBURG. That is a messenger from Mr. Wilson.

KAISER. From Woodrow Wilson of the United States?

HINDENBURG. Indeed, Your Majesty, from Woodrow Wilson,
The President of the United States.
He probably brings us another note
On his ideas of humaneness and
Our use of submarines.

KAISER. The time will come
When the Americans will use them too,
For submarines will be the best defense

For their extended coast lines. Will they now
Cripple their own, their best much needed
weapon?

*(An automobile arrives with American envoy, a chauffeur and
servant. The American envoy steps out.)*

AMERICAN. Is this the German Emperor?

HINDENBURG.

Indeed.

AMERICAN. Excuse me, first I have some rushing
business

With the allies. I have some packages
Of ammunition, shrapnels, shells and bombs.

(Addressing the chauffeur and his servant.)

Here boys, deliver them, be quick about it.

(Turning to the German group)

And here I have a note from Woodrow Wilson.

*(He hands some paper to HINDENBURG who takes hold of one
end and begins to open it; in unrolling it becomes longer
and longer. One soldier helps to unroll it and the strip of
paper extends over the whole stage.)*

KAISER. What is that all about?

AMERICAN. Your Majesty, it deals with principles
Of ethics and humaneness.

KAISER.

Very well!

Humaneness is the principle which I
Pursue in peace and not the less in war.
Have anxiously preserved peace to the last,
But when I saw my enemies were bent
On ruining the growth of Germany
I recognized my duty to defend
The people whom I rule by God's good grace.

AMERICAN. You ought to understand that we do
not

Believe in what you call by God's good grace.
We dislike military institutions
And above all, we hate imperialism.
You call it by God's grace. That makes it worse.

KAISER. My friend, our military institutions,
They have been forced upon us.

AMERICAN. How is that?

KAISER. Yes, forced upon us by our enemies
Because they robbed and pillaged German lands.
We do not fight with mercenary soldiers,
We go to war ourselves, we and our sons,
We offer our own blood, we risk our lives
For our dear fatherland, our liberty,
Our Union, and the honor of our country.
We are prepared for war, but peace we love.
The time will come when other nations too
Will imitate this German institution.
In England they will have it very soon,
And that will render Englishmen as peaceful
As are the Germans now.

Yes, that alone
Is to bring peace on earth.

AMERICAN. Strange, very strange,
That thought is new to me. Yes, mercenaries
Are cheaper than our sons. That makes men
peaceful.
Still we object to your imperialism.

KAISER. I know that many in America
Have wrong ideas of the Fatherland.
To them the Kaiser is a brutal tyrant,
They think his office means imperialism.
And if he claims to be installed by God
They deem it vain pretension and perhaps
Religious superstition. How mistaken
Are ye! Let me inform you then: "God's grace"
To Germans means that I was born a Kaiser.
A Kaiser owes his office to the law
And to the constitution of our country.
But it means more. I am responsible
And feel responsible to God alone.
My right to rule is not a privilege,
And not a sinecure. It is a duty,
Yea t'is a sacred duty; my good people
Are looking up to me as to the one
Who is by God and through our laws entrusted
With the protection of their liberties.
One of my ancestors, whom history
Calls Frederick the Great, described his office
As being the first servant of the state.
An emperor with us serves not the times
Nor does he seek applause for reelection.
God is his judge, the God of history,
The God of justice. We expect a king
To do his duty and obey his conscience.
That is the meaning if in Germany
Our kings and kaisers wear the royal crown,
And claim to wear it by the grace of God.

AMERICAN. I never saw the question in that light,
And I confess your words will make us pause.
Should we not wish that all our presidents
Were such by grace of God? Some of them were,
I claim! Yes, Washington and Lincoln too.
O how I wish that all had been and would be.
But now our presidents express resentment,
Because they cannot rule and are restricted
By Congress. But we will oppose oppression
And we insist on freedom everywhere.

KAISER. I hope that Germany is not oppressed.
What I can do assuredly will make
My people free—the freest in the world.
Freedom is not insured by constitutions.
Freedom depends upon the citizens.
And it may be that in a Kaiserdom
They may be freer than in democracies.
I grant I am the first among my people,
The first but not their master, not their owner,
Am *primus inter pares*, all are free,
And I am one of them, their elder brother.
I am the father of the fatherland.
My daily prayer and my most high ambition
Is to be worthy of my noble office.

AMERICAN. If your conception of your office is
So high as now expressed, how can you sink
The Lusitania, use the submarines
And wage so barbarous a brutal war?

KAISER. How can we wage a war which is not brutal?

HINDENBURG (sarcastically). Your Majesty, he
wants you not to use
Torpedoes nor big Berthas, but to shoot
Soft suger-plums from pop-guns. That would
make
All war humane.

KAISER. Indeed it would, indeed;
And if the enemy would but begin,
I certainly would gladly follow suit.
I see you bring some loads of ammunition
And here they are unloaded for the use
Of the Allies, my enemies. Tell me,
Are then the shells you manufacture
The new humane kind of superior type?

AMERICAN. They are the old type, why of course
they are,

For they are made according to strict orders.

KAISER. So long as you continue thus to furnish
My enemies with the old-fashioned style
Do not expect of me to wage the war
As if it were mere sport. And now, dear sir,
Now kindly give us room for the attack.
You think you have a right to travel everywhere,
But we are in sore need to wage our war.
Remove your boxes filled with ammunition
And other stuff of cant and human kindness.
I do not care for Woodrow Wilson's notes
Whose honey-tongued humaneness has two sides.
We have to do our duty without fear
And our most urgent duty is to save

Our country; win the victory and then
We leave all other things to Providence.

AMERICAN. You are sarcastic, sir, and so it seems
That we have not successfully convinced you
Of the necessity of waging war
Humanely like an English gentleman.

KAISER. Have I invented war? Have I begun it?
I wage the war that has been forced upon me,
In war have I but one sole aim in view,
That is to win the victory. But when
My enemy is down and in my power,
He is no longer treated as a foe;
He then becomes my friend, my protégé.
Humaneness is an admirable virtue,
But if you preach humaneness, let your speech
Go out to those of your own countrymen
Who manufacture ammunition. Or
Do address your unctious words unto
The gallant captain of the Baralong
And his courageous crew who in cold blood
Have murdered helpless men—after surrender.

AMERICAN. Consider, sir, that English sailors are
Justly embittered 'gainst the submarines.

KAISER. May be! Our submarines are quite efficient
And dangerous,—good reason to be hated!
But that does not excuse bloodthirsty murder.

AMERICAN. Sailors are brutal in the wrath of battle;
But ordinarily the English are
All gentlemen. It is their nature, Sir;
'Tis born in them and they are proud of it.

HINDENBURG. That may well be, but some of them combine

The polished manners of a gentleman
With criminality. For instance take
Findlay, the British minister to Norway,
A perfect gentleman who tried to lure
By treachery an Irish patriot
Into a trap—perhaps to be imprisoned
For life; perhaps, if unavoidable,
To be assassinated. Further think
Of Captain Guy Gaunt bribing an office boy.
And like a sneak-thief pilfering the mails;
The British secret service does not shrink
From forgery and foulest low-bred crime.
Such are the deeds of English gentlemen.

AMERICAN. It takes a thief to catch a thief.

HINDENBURG.

These stories

Are worse than you imagine. Treachery
They are, foul treachery, and despicable.
They are unworthy of an honest man.
They can be done by liars only, and
The British government did guarantee
A snug reward besides impunity
For common murder! Yea, such is humaneness
Practised officially in England, practised
By English diplomats; by gentlemen,
And Findlay's trick would surely have succeeded
Had not the commoner of Norway been
Too honest for the British diplomat.
He was a lowly servant, a valet;

He was no gentleman, he was a man—
I honor him. Truly he was a man,
Not for a fortune would he have betrayed
His master, though impunity was promised.
Impunity is easier to bestow
Then a clear conscience. Yea he was a man,
I range a man above a gentleman.

AMERICAN. The story of Sir Roger Casement is
Perhaps not true. An Irish patriot,
You say, he is: that means, an English traitor.

HINDENBURG. That may be granted without contradiction,

For Irish people never learned to love
The English or the English government.
Yet there's another point to which
I must object. The question raised is this:
Has any government the privilege
Unscrupulously to commit foul crime,
As freely and unhesitatingly
As do the common criminals? The English
Use as their most effective weapon lies
Misrepresenting Germany's good cause,
Yet claim to be a Christian nation.

AMERICAN.

Yes

They are good Christians, Christian gentlemen.

HINDENBURG. O yes, they are in words, but not in deeds.

It is an old experience that people
Who always talk of virtue and humaneness
Have naught of either in their hearts. And thus

Their piety is sheer hypocrisy.
Now give us room for battle. Don't expect
That we can fight if you are in the way.

(The American messenger returns into his automobile and retires behind the stage. Both sides, the Germans and the Allies, resume a threatening attitude. At this moment from the right side of the stage a big engine rolls in, puffing heavily. When the engine reaches the crowds of soldiers a railroad guard jumps off and, ringing a bell, heralds the train which proceeds to the center of the stage.)

GUARD. First Oriental Express!
Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople!

KAISER. I believe that's my train. Conductor,
How are further connections south?

GUARD. Connections with India and with Egypt in
preparation!

KAISER. That's what I want. Come on boys! All
aboard! *(German soldiers step up on both sides.)*
The war assumes new prospects. *(Turns to the English.)* As for you, gentlemen, ye thought
evil against me, but God meant it unto good.

May God deal with you after your desert.
Good-by! I have no time to linger here;
Great is the task before us. We will build
An empire that will reach through all the climes
From Baltic shores to the equator southward.
Let us part company, my British friends;
We shall no longer need your trade, for here
With our ally the Turk we shall develop
In fair cooperation new domains
Of a commercial union. Babylon

And ancient Egypt too may be restored
To former glory and prosperity.
We'll do our best to make this awful war
The promising beginning of new eras
In history, of eras that will open
The rich resources of Oriental wealth.
The struggle may be hard; the dreary night
Which you endeavor to bring down on us
May long endure, but on our part we're willing
To fight courageously and to defend
Our fatherland, our freedom and our cause.
We offer for our country all we have
And all we are. If need be we'll lay down
Our lives in sacrifice for our ideals
Nor shall it be for nought. Lo! I can see
The dawn approach in gorgeous red of morning.
Yea, I am sure of final victory.
The God of history will stand by us;
He guards the people who advance mankind
By leading on to higher planes. I greet
The first bright rays of the young rising sun,
Which ushers THE NEW MORN upon the world.
Our envious foes have lit the fire of war
And they are trying to destroy our nation,
But we'll stand firm and God their schemes will
mar.
From the ordeal of this conflagration,
Greater Germania phoenixlike shall rise
And Victory to her award the prize.

(German war music.—Curtain.)

Paganini

741-19-

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]